

Two Attractive Gowns Which Are Latest Paris Products



The model on the left is of white and blue linen, trimmed with lace. Heavy braid bolt ending in tassels. The gown on the right is of flowered chiffon and white net, with broadcloth taffeta sash.

VOGUE FOR FIGURED VOILE

Revival of Old Fabric Has Been Received Most Kindly by the Public.

The public has taken most kindly to this revival of a very old fabric which is now called voile and which is durable in the highest degree and although there have been a large number of picturesque frocks made of it the newest adaptation of it as a top to a slim white skirt is interesting.

There are some women who prefer this gown made of figured taffeta, which in its new weave is soft and supple, but it does not really give the effect that the voile gives, and does not present as much novelty.

Any girl who is to be married this summer should have one of these gowns in her outfit. If she does not care to wear it as a dancing gown she will find it admirable for informal dinners in her own home, and especially attractive as a tea gown for the 5 o'clock hour. She can add to it a cap of embroidered muslin or cluny lace, which has a round crown to fit the head, a tiny ruffle to hang over the neck and back, a coronet piece in front and wired flaps over the ears.

This is the kind of cap Mrs. Castle

BEAUTIFUL GOWN



Model of flowered chiffon and white net, with broadcloth taffeta sash.

wears, minus the coronet. When such a cap is trimmed with little bunches of tight rosebuds over each ear the picturesqueness of such a costume is undeniable.

In these days of fanciful footwear one can always add to the color scheme by silk stockings and high-heeled slippers. There is no longer any attempt to match one's shoes to one's gown; on the contrary, one tries to make a harmonious contrast, such as wearing pale blue satin slippers and stockings with a shell pink tea gown and the other way around.

WAISTS AND NEW FIGURES

Swirling Draperies From Shoulder to Heels Are Becoming to Fat and Lean.

As long as we bow down to orientalism we are very sure to be graceful in clothes, because swirling draperies from shoulder to heel are usually becoming to the lean and the fat, to the tall and the short. But the orient reeks not with white starch shirt-waists and mannish coat suits. As long as the coat is the only thing to be considered one can have as large a waist as one wishes, but when the coat is lifted and this new oriental skirt is attached to an American shirt-waist the combination is not pleasing, and no one knows that better than the women who are trying to make it.

Of course, we have long since learned the art of wearing one color from shoulder to heel, but it is not convenient or agreeable to wear colored shirt-waists in summer, as our desires and our climate call for thin wash fabrics. Therefore if one would look well it seems that the coat must be retained, or one must have a figure cut off in a square way that may be fashionable but is not graceful.

After all, it might be better for women to work themselves out of this problem and lend variety to their costumes at the same time by modifying the waist line of those skirts which are worn with coats and white shirt-waists. There are many ways to do this.

Larger Hats for Summer.

As summer advances and garden parties become imminent, the milliners begin to display larger hats. One attractive lingerie hat was of white Neapolitan straw covered with a plateau of net which was tied in at the bottom of the crown by dark-toned, brocaded taffeta ribbon. The ends of the ribbon crossed in the front and were laid flat upon the brim without ornament. Many of the hats are low-crowned and have drooping brims. Wreaths of tiny flowers encircle the crown and tie in flat loops upon the brim in front.

Ornaments for the Hair.

The straight fillets so much seen with evening dress last year are now partially superseded by those arranged in curves which form a way line upon the coiffure. They end in jeweled circlets with short fringe to match, and can be adjusted in a moment. One of the prettiest of jeweled bands for the hair is in a design of wheels between two bands of jeweling. The whole bandeau ends in a point at either side. It is rather high in front, a fashion which suits the round-faced.

GRACE AND HENRY

The Whole Village Knew They Were in Love When They Married.

By MAUDE J. PERKINS.
That Henry Walters and Grace Brown were in love with each other when they married there could be no sort of doubt. The whole village of Davisburg would have sworn to it.

"Why, I saw 'em hold hands over an hour, and they did not let go once to scratch their noses, though I know they itched," said little Mrs. Watkins. "And right with me looking on," added Mrs. Flint, "he told her that if she caught the mumps and died he'd commit suicide!"

No, there could be no question of their loving, and it seemed a safe thing to predict a happy future for them. Henry was a carpenter, earning good wages, and though Grace knew little about housework, she was ambitious to learn.

What brought the clouds after a few months? Isn't it odd that lovers have no philosophy about them? They do not look for any change as time passes. There will be no cross words or falling off in demonstrations of affection. Behold them! Henry smashes his thumb with the hammer one day, and he goes home thinking what a fool he was to hit his thumb instead of the nail. He found his wife in bed with a headache. She was vexed about it. Why hadn't the ailment come to some one else? Why wasn't Henry at home to put a wet cloth on her forehead and utter words of sympathy?

"You are an awfully careless man," she said as he entered the house holding his bruised and bleeding thumb. "If you hadn't got your feet wet or something you wouldn't have a headache," was the reply.

These were the first cross words and queerly enough each one was rather glad of it. It was a change from the honeysuckle program. Grace had never thought that Henry could strike his thumb with a hammer, and if any one had told Henry that Grace would ever have a headache, he would have opened his eyes very wide. There was a whole month in which he could do no work. The wife whined over the loss of income just as she wanted it for summer clothes, and even hinted that her husband was content to loaf.

There had been nothing, however, that a few kisses and kind words could not have dispelled had the outsiders kept outside, but they didn't. Their gossip and criticisms and advice kept the pot boiling until each of the principals got the idea that he was a martyr and the other was wholly to blame.

Grace told the whole village that Henry boxed her ears.

Henry told the whole village that her cooking made him ill, and that her temper had become so Satanic that he was really afraid to sleep in the house.

Grace warned the neighbors that if she was found chopped up with the ax some morning to see that Henry was promptly and properly hung as high as Mr. Haman or Captain Kidd.

It was more exciting than a dog fight for a time, and there was talk that a boom in real estate would follow. Then the affair began to weary folks, and there was talk that the law ought to be invoked. Such a dog-and-cat couple ought to be made to get a divorce. Such a bickering must lead to murder after awhile. It was Deacon Frazer who suggested a remedy. He was a good man, though the remedy he brought forward was rather heroic for a churchman. An anonymous letter was received by the quarreling couple. It was to the effect that if they did not at once cease their bickering or apply for a divorce, something very unpleasant would happen to them.

"You can see what you have done!" said the husband after reading his letter.

"And you can see what you have done," was retorted.

"Nothing can happen to me. Everybody knows where the blame rests."

"Surely they do, and you can't find a person who does not pity me. I tell you, Henry Walters, you have reached the limit, and that letter means tar and feathers for you!"

"It means a ducking in the river for you, and don't you forget it!"

There was less quarreling for a week, and then it broke out again. Then came a second anonymous letter.

"The committee of good order will soon wait on you," was the threat. "This is the second and last warning. It will come prepared to deal with your conduct as it deserves!"

"Tar and feathers for you," whispered the wife.

"A ducking for you," whispered the husband.

"And don't expect any sympathy from me!"

"And you needn't expect any sympathy from me!"

As a matter of fact, neither was alarmed. It was a village where law and order reigned. The minister and two or three others might call in the evening, and read husband and wife a lecture on the sin of quarreling and endeavor to patch up a peace, but there would be nothing beyond that.

"And their talk will do no good with me," said the husband.

"Nor with me either, unless you are to be taken to an insane asylum," answered the wife.

An hour after midnight one night nine men wrapped in sheets and having pillow cases drawn over their

heads walked abroad in the village streets.

One walked in advance, and the others followed two by two.

The village slept and there was no one to observe them, but they did not speak to each other and they walked softly. Moses Granger's bulldog could lick anything on four legs in the country, and had been known to tackle a thunderbolt. He was roaming around when he caught sight of the ghosts, and the way he ran home was a caution.

The nine paused in front of a cottage. Its inmates were snoring in peace.

The nine passed through the gate and drew up in line before the door. Then one of their number knocked and fell back. After a minute a half-dressed man opened the door to ask: "Who are you, and what do you want?"

"This is the committee of order. We sent you two warnings and you did not heed them."

"What is it, Henry?" asked the wife as she was aroused.

"They have come for us!"

"Is it tar and feathers for you and a ducking for me?"

"It looks like it!"

"Come out and get your punishment," said a voice outside.

"Hen-Henry, I am sorry I have been mean to you," sobbed the wife.

"I have been the meanest of the two," was the reply.

"I was loving you all the time I was quarreling with you."

"Same here."

"We will give you one minute more," came a throaty voice from outside.

"Oh, Henry, it will most kill me to have 'em tar and feather you!" moaned the wife.

"And think of their ducking you!"

"My own!"

"Time's up! Come to your doom," said the nine ghosts in chorus.

Henry seized a hard wood chair and smashed it on the uncarpeted floor, and handing one leg of it to his wife he seized another and bounded out of the door. Crack! Smash! Crack!

The nine ghosts had not anticipated nor prepared themselves for resistance, and the attack came with great suddenness. Three or four went down like cowboys in a cyclone, and the others made their retreat in tremendous haste. None escaped without at least one good whack. The wife used her chair leg with the vigor the husband did his. It should also be said that Moses Granger's bulldog, discovering that he had men instead of ghosts to deal with, pursued the fleeing legs and left his marks on three of them.

"What do you think?" shouted Mrs. Hastings next morning as she burst in upon her neighbor, Mrs. Drew.

"Somebody's cow dead?"

"No, sir. The Walters have made up!"

"It can't be!"

"But they have. I was in there ten minutes ago, and she was sitting on her knee, and they were so busy calling each other darling and dear that the ham for breakfast was all burning up, and the coffee pot was boiling over."

The statement not only turned out to be true, but it was proven that it was the last quarrel to be made up. And yet the gossips were not happy. They said:

"Isn't it simply disgraceful the way Henry Walters and his wife love each other? Really, there ought to be something done about it!"

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MAKES PROFIT ON TINFOIL

Owner of Tobacco Store Saves Discarded Wrappers and Sells Them—Library as Trade Stimulus.

"I am not ashamed to pick up a penny whenever and wherever I can," said the proprietor of a small tobacco shop in New York. "There are lots of people who think it is a sort of stigma upon their ability to pay so much attention to small sums. Not I, however. One scheme has netted me a very nice little profit every year. I run a small circulating library and I offer one year's subscription free for a \$2 purchase. All my subscribers agree to return the book promptly after a week has expired or pay a fine of three cents a day.

"Those people are more indifferent about pennies than I am and there is hardly one of them who does not keep a book one or two days longer than he should. Not only do the sums I collect in fines pay for the books I purchase, but they even make a profit for me, and what is more important, the library scheme helps to attract customers."

"Then, too, I manage to make several dollars a year by collecting the tinfoil used in wrapping up plug tobacco and cigarettes. I usually find a good deal of it lying about on the floor and since I sell it for about 20 cents a pound whatever I get for it is pure profit."

Frog Skin to Heal Wound.

W. A. Speck, a farmer, living near Ames, Ia., had a growth that extended almost across his back a year ago, and it was thought he had only a short time to live. He is well today, but the place where the growth was is covered with the greenish skin of frogs.

When the growth was removed in a Des Moines hospital it left a large wound. The amphibian epidermis seems to be a success.

Striving to Oblige.

Angry Diner—Walter, you are not fit to serve a pig.

Walter—I am doing my best, sir.—Judge.

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Robert G. Fowler, an aviator, says that while he was flying across the Isthmus of Panama he found it would be easy for an aeroplane to blow up the Gatun dam.

"There is absolutely no protection," he said. "I think the government has overlooked this."

"Any good aviator, flying a first-class machine, could carry enough nitroglycerin or other high explosive, to blow such a hole in the dam that it would leave the whole canal useless. I could have done it myself, and I would not fear to attempt it at any time."

If a fellow could only utilize his castles in the air for aeroplane garages!

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